

REMEMBER there

are hundreds of brands of White Lead (so called) on the market that are not White Lead, composed largely of Barytes and other cheap materials. But the number of brands of genuine

Strictly Pure White Lead

is limited. The following brands are standard "Old Dutch" process, and just as good as they were when you or your father were boys:

- "Anchor," "Morley," "Eckstein," "Shipman," "Armstrong & McElroy," "Southern," "Beymer-Baum," "Red Seal," "Davis-Chambers," "Cellier," "Fahnestock."

For Colors—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, a one-pound can to a 25-pound keg of Lead and mix your own paints. Saves time and annoyance in matching shades, and insures the best paint that is possible to put on wood.

Send us a postal card and get our book on paints and color-card, free; it will probably save you a good many dollars.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.
Chicago Branch,
State and Fifteenth Streets, Chicago.

Democratic-Northwest

AND HENRY COUNTY NEWS.

SCATHING DENUNCIATION.

Republican Attack on the McKinley

Tariff.

BY COL. A. L. CONGER, OHIO'S NATIONAL COMMITTEEMAN.

The Tariff Severely Denounced as

Unjust to the People—High Republican Authority Scores

Gov. McKinley.

The article that follows appeared last Saturday in the *Akron Beacon*, one of the strongest Republican newspapers in the state and owned by Col. A. L. Conger, Ohio's representative in the national Republican committee. It is the severest attack given from a Republican source against the McKinley tariff since Blaine denounced the measure as

idiotic and predicted that it would defeat the Republican party. The *Beacon* article is as follows:

During the past fortnight there have been passed by county conventions, by district conventions, by the state convention, resolutions, all for similar import, and all highly eulogistic of the present governor of Ohio. Other and like sets of resolutions will be passed by other conventions yet to assemble. To the casual onlooker this would indicate a wide-spread enthusiasm which will like a tidal wave, sweep away all opposition and land the chief executive of this state in the presidential chair. The action of these various conventions—conventions which this year are composed of, and manipulated by, manipulated by, the professional politicians of the state—make a showing of power and strength which is very apt to be greatly overestimated. Leaving entirely out of consideration the probable ultimate fate of any presidential boom prematurely inaugurated and injudiciously overestimated at its inception, it would be well to carefully consider the opposition with which Gov. McKinley's candidacy before the next Republican national convention is to be met.

A careful study of the political heavens reveals the following horoscope to be cast: The New England states, with the possible exception of Massachusetts, will probably unite for ex-Senator Reed. New York will either put forward Levi F. Morton, or the man who will be elected governor of that state by the Republican next year. Pennsylvania will stand by Don Cameron, and his well known position on the silver question will also draw to him a large following from the west. Ex-President Harrison will receive the solid support of Indiana. The candidate of Illinois will be Senator Callom, while Senator Allison will be the favorite not only in his own state, Iowa, but of a large portion of the mighty west.

Each one of these probable candidates is in his own particular section about as strong politically as Governor McKinley is in Ohio, though not one of them has been using every known and possible agency to develop and foster a presidential boom, as our chief executive has been doing so vigorously.

So much for the opposition from other states.

But right here in his own Ohio there will be.

An OPPOSITION MORE POWERFUL and more fatal to Governor McKinley's presidential prospects than the opposition from all other portions combined. There is an element in this state, when the proper time comes, will arise in its might and assert its dignity and power. Reference is made to the conservative, quiet, thoughtful, business and professional men and a large faction among the farmers and workmen who, without being active in politics, have been carefully watching and studying the drift of public affairs in Ohio under Governor McKinley's administration.

They have found that he has forgotten the men who first gave him the first political prominence which has made him what he is to-day. They have found that he has surrounded himself with

A CLIQUE OF PROFESSIONAL POLITICIANS, that he has chosen for his closest advisers those who have no greater recommendation than their abilities to manipulate war and county politics.

They have found that he has selected as the manager of his private and particular presidential boom and has sent up and down the United States as the representative of Buckeye Republicanism, one from our very midst—one whose sole business for years has been politics—who has arrayed himself

against the business men of his own city, county and state. While nearly all of the leading lawyers of Ohio have regarded the tax inquisitor law as unconstitutional, this same citizen of Akron has been active in organizing the powerful Morganthau ring throughout the state to perpetrate the infamous statute. As the governor's political manager and chairman of the Republican state executive committee he has prostituted the dignity of his office by whispering in the ears of legislators that his chief did not desire to have that unjust and evil working law repealed. In a speech delivered here only a few weeks ago, he, the governor's mouthpiece, attempted to show that Major McKinley was opposed to the repeal of the Morganthau law. This and other similar efforts, to forward his own personal ambitions, have lost for the manager of Governor McKinley's presidential campaign the confidence and respect of the great mass of the business men not only of Akron and Summit county, but of all Ohio. The professional politician can never long retain an influence over a thoughtful business man.

THE STATE DISORGANIZED. These men who have been quietly studying the situation have also found that the public institutions of Ohio have been made hotbeds of politics, and that those institutions have been run to provide soft berths as rewards for individuals who have had the power to control votes. They have found that since the inevitable has happened, and scandals galore have arisen from the appointment of such characters to office, there have been a failure to purge the public institutions of charity and correction of the rottenness which has existed within their walls. There has been the worst kind of incompetency in business affairs at the state house, for while violations of the law on the part of the governor's appointees have been discovered, there has been no action until the force of public opinion has compelled it.

The administration has been a politicians' administration. Politicians have surrounded the governor, have controlled his actions, and have worked the affairs of the state for all they are worth. The fact that Major McKinley has made such selections for his advisers for his personal agents, and for the recipients of his official favors proves most conclusively that he is not fitted for the presidency. If in Ohio, where he has had an opportunity to know thoroughly the character and abilities of those whom he has appointed to offices—and then, even with such opportunities for information, has made so many fearful mistakes—how could he be expected to act to wit credit to the party at Washington, when appointments in every state in the union would be made, when the pressure from skilled professional politicians would be many thousand fold greater than that to which he was ever subjected in Columbus, and when he could have no opportunities for personally knowing the qualifications of the hosts and myriads of applicants for office? The scandals liable to result from such a lack of administrative ability would be enough to forever ruin the political party responsible for them.

McKINLEY NOT THE MAN.

Governor McKinley is an eloquent orator; he possesses remarkable abilities as a tariff expert, he has a charming manner and a winning personality which draws people toward him; he is wonderfully big-hearted and generous, his private life is above reproach, but he cannot read human character; he cannot estimate men; he is too readily imposed upon and is too easily influenced by those who surround him. He is not adapted by nature to be president of the United States, and long before the assembling of the Republican national convention his unfitness for the nomination will become so apparent that his support even in his own state will be vastly less than his present followers now estimate that it will be. He could serve the nation and the party with infinitely more power and honor in congress than he could in the White House.

The man who is to be the next presidential nominee of the Republican party should be deeply versed and skilled in finance—for the silver question will surely overshadow that of the tariff and all other issues in the next campaign. He should also be able to call about him men who are in touch with the great business interests of the country and who are thoroughly familiar with the wants of the laboring masses. In the past, Gov. McKinley has not succeeded in enlisting under his personal standard those who, as a class, are in sympathy with the great and real interests of the country, nor has he given positive evidence that he can secure the allegiance of men possessing the abilities which the welfare of the nation requires.

The candidate for president selected by the Republican party in 1896 should be gifted with statesmanship as broad as a great sea, and that of James G. Blaine, who at the time of his death had the largest following of any man who ever entered American public life. His spirit is still abroad in the land, and his friends propose to take up his work where he laid it down and to carry it onward with increased order.

DEFEATED BY McKINLEYISM. But the new Republican congress should not go into power imbued with the belief that the McKinley law should be continued "as the ablest expression of the patriotic principle yet enacted," as was declared in the resolution adopted at the state convention at Columbus last Wednesday. The McKinley bill caused the Republican defeat in 1892. Nine-tenths of the Republican party of to-day concede the fatal errors of the McKinley tariff.

It would be a death blow to the party if it should attempt to make the contest of 1896 hinge upon that issue.

In the national platform of 1888 a revision of the tariff was promised. The indocement was held out by the party press and on the stump that this promised revision would be downwards, as the great mass of the people demanded that it should be. Congress was urged and brought that this revision might take place in the house of its friends. This work of such importance to all our mighty commercial and industrial interests was placed in charge of Major McKinley, and the result was the bill which bears his name. The promises under which the party came into power in 1888 were not fulfilled. The country was not satisfied and then followed the Waterloo of 1892.

It cannot be said that this is a late day to criticize the McKinley bill. Long, long ago Republican leaders recognized and denounced its defects and weaknesses. The greatest statesman of this country, and of the world, James G. Blaine, criticized the bill at the time it was first reported, and pointed out the facts that it was a direct violation of the pledges of the party; and he did not hesitate to say publicly and to his associates, but owing to existing jealousies, his advice and that of his friends were overruled. But if Mr. Blaine had at this time been endowed with the divine gift of prophetic vision, he could not have more clearly foretold than he did then, the inglorious defeat of 1892, and all the disasters and hardships and calamities

which have followed so thickly in its train. A CAUSE WORN. The extremes of tariff contention have been embodied in the McKinley law and the Wilson bill, and it is now apparent that the one must be abrogated and that the other can never take its place. The senate is now wrestling with a compromise bill, and excepting the infamous sugar schedule—it comes nearer to what the Republicans should have passed in 1890, than the McKinley bill ever did. At all events the voters of Ohio, and of the nation, repudiated the McKinley law. The people declared that they will not tolerate its excessive rates, and they have insisted that reform and revision must mean a lowering of duties and a correction of equalities.

As the chief executive of the state, Major McKinley is expected to be leader of his party in the state, but he could come no nearer carrying Ohio as a presidential candidate in 1896, on the McKinley bill, than could Senator Brier stand on the original Wilson bill as a platform. It is futile for the Republicans of Ohio to dash their heads against a stone wall. Hard, cold, solid facts must be considered. We cannot afford to repeat our mistakes. The party must go forward or it is lost. The hour for a change in ideas and methods has sounded. If the Republican party is to fulfill the mission for which it was born, if it is to maintain its fundamental principles, it must give protection to American labor and to American industries, but it must not be a protection that begets and fosters trusts, and does cruel wrong and rank injustice to the many for the benefit of the few.

A Household Treasure. D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at D. J. Humphrey's Drug Store. Regular size 50c, and \$1.00.

NEW YORK FASHIONS. Checked Stuffs. Checked Silk Waists. Accessories: Yachting Suits. Shade Hats.

The principal objection to checked materials is, their extremely ordinary appearance unless handsomely trimmed—tailor suits with cutaway jackets, which are very stylish and newer than those of covert cloth. Black and white checks in silk or wool are really *distinque*, but those in color are often suggestive of a kitchen apron. A checked silk waist, prettily ornamented by a colored velvet stock collar, veiled ribbon bows at the front, the elbows and at the left side, is attractive, without which it would be utterly commonplace. Checked chalfies with plain borderings are light and cool for travelling or general wear, and the variety in evening shades, having white satin ribbon stripes sprinkled with floral designs, make far more desirable afternoon or evening dresses, than low priced silks, which are too flimsy to hang well.

A BLACK MOIRE SKIRT is an excellent beginning for a summer's wardrobe, as all fancy waists harmonize with it some having puffed chiffon vests over colored linings, which are particularly pretty. Fancy velvet or satin collars, with a large double bow at the back or front, (never both) with a Rhine stone or jet buckle at the centre, are still very much in favor; immense rosettes or bows of colored silk illusion, are however the latest neck garniture, worn at the front with or without a collar, and will probably be carried to great extremes. A plain black dress is rendered stylish by fashionable neck wear, and constant variety is brought about by tasteful changes in collars, 'ecru or black lace capes, many of which can be made by any one possessing ordinary skill. For example, a colored velvet bow at the throat, and a second a little lower down, with Rhine stone buckles at the centres, on a white lace cape, are very ornamental at a slight expense, and while these are only trifles, they go far toward making an attractive ensemble; therefore no lady in replenishing her toilet supplies for the season, and who is a connoisseur in such matters, fail to provide herself with a good supply of Murray & Lanman's Florida water—the old time favorite, so refreshing and delightful at all seasons of the year.

SEERGE SUITS are indispensable for yachting or tennis when the weather is damp, but for bright days, duck or pique will be preferred. White serge dresses, having colored adjustable collars are quite popular; at the same time blue serge costumes, with three narrow white serge bands on the skirt, with similar trimming on sleeves or pocket flaps and broad white *re'vers*, will stand much hard usage, and are consequent-



DON'T ACCEPT IMITATIONS.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINTS.

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ly in general demand. Crimson will always be worn to a certain extent by brunettes, but it is not so generally useful or so universally becoming as blue.

A NEAPOLITAN SHADE HAT trimmed with daisies or field flowers and pink, white or green silk illusion rosettes is, for young girls the very acme of loveliness; stately Leghorns, chips or fancy rough straws being equally as stylish but not so absolutely charming. The necessary touch of black is supplied by black birds or black illusion, and ivy leaves and berries are grouped with white or colored illusion, lilac, snow-balls or lace. White *point d'esprit* net or crape is largely employed both for linings, shirred crowns or twists, and pink, white or pale blue mull hats, formed chiefly of accordion-plated mull in bows or rosettes, enhance the charms of young persons; the middle-aged or elderly finding their usual refuge in navy blue or black.

VERONA CLARKE.

Nearly Had Baby Spasms.

NAPOLEON, O., June 7, 1894.—Hand Medicine Co.—My baby at three months old had colic so badly we feared spasms. My husband ran to the drugist for "soothing syrup." Our physician was present when he called for it and advised him to try Dr. Hand's Colic Cure. We did so. We have used nearly three bottles, and baby is the most pleasant, bright, laughing baby I ever saw, and I am convinced we owe it all to Dr. Hand's Colic Cure.—Mrs. Arthur Simmons. Sold by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, O. 25c.

OLD JOHN BROWN.

THE KANSAS TOWN WHERE HE FIRST DID BATTLE

For the Idea for Which He Subsequently Gave His Life.

The Monument There Erected by the Citizens to His Memory Briefly Tells the Story of One Who Was Far Ahead of His Times.

(Issued by the Central Press Association of Columbus, Ohio.)

SAWATOMIE—Twenty minutes.

So shouted the brakeman, arousing me from a dreamy state of semi-complacency to one of instantaneous mental activity, followed by physical animation also.

I was on my way through from the West recently, and had gazed out on suspicious spring signs of green, interspersed here and there with an occasional glimmer of pink color, denoting a peach tree more than ordinarily brave or less exposed to the winds, which still came down from the north and northwest. I knew that we were nearing the Missouri line, but had forgotten that we were going through historic ground. I had been musing principally on the superb region of country penetrated by the Missouri Pacific railway on which I was a passenger, and had for the once forgotten that there was anything but physical inspiration about. This is fine country through here. No wonder it was the scene of sturdy conflict between two antagonistic waves of immigration. It is a matter of regret that portions of the country are still suffering from the political nervous prostration that resulted from the "fight for freedom" which was inaugurated here, the political nervous prostration being another name for the vagaries of the Populists.

"Oswatimie—twenty minutes for supper." As the brakeman repeated this I was astir in a moment, remembering old Oswatimie Brown, who lived hereabouts, and died on a gallows at Charleston, Va.

I was out on the platform in a moment. "Where did John Brown live?" I asked one of the village idlers who stood there.

"Up the main street there a couple of blocks," he said, pointing north. "That's where his own house was, but the shanty he lived in first was right here," pointing to a vacant lot within fifty feet of the spot where we stood.

I looked and saw a scrubby peach tree straggling into bloom, a pile of bricks and mortar, which I was informed was the old chimney, and a tumble-down fence.

I wanted to buy the peach tree and bring it along, but I could find no one with whom to barter, and then reflected that it was probably just as well, for what would a strolling newspaper man do with a peach tree, however historic, without a foot of ground to plant it in?

So I went in search of the latter. Every farmer knows the folly of robbing his lands of virtue and strength without restoring anything, but the same man may rob his nerve system of strength and vitality for years and then wonder why disease has fastened on him. To all such unthinking spendthrifts of nerve force, Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer comes as a friend to build up and revitalize the impoverished nerves and restore health. Abundant nerve force insures perfect physical and mental health and Dr. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer strengthens and makes nerve force. Sold by Saur & Balesky.

place: I found the house was still standing, but it was occupied by strangers to him, and possibly his ideas, and I did not ask permission to enter. Instead, I turned my attention to the marble shaft which commemorates the battle of Oswatimie, where two of Brown's sons and several of his neighbors were killed at the first main conflict between the Northern and Southern forces.

It is seventeen years since this monument was erected. It was dedicated with considerable formality on the twenty-first anniversary of the battle, August 30. Thirty-eight years ago! One can scarcely credit the fact that this turning point in the contest between slavery and freedom was taken more than a generation ago—that is, one who can remember the incident and still be but little beyond his fiftieth year. Many a man of that age can remember what a thrill of horror was swept over the entire North during the first days of September, 1856, with the news of what was simply a massacre. Whittier's superb outburst of "Le Marais du Cygne" appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* that fall—in the October issue, if my memory is not at fault. There is not much of the Quaker in these martial lines:

"A blush as of roses,
Where roses never grew;
Great drops on the hunch-grass,
But not of the dew.
A tint in the sweet air
For wild bees to shun—
A stain that shall never
Blanch out in the sun.

"Back, steed of the prairie!
Sweet song-bird, fly back!
Wheel hither, bald vulture!
Gray wolf, call thy pack!
The foul human vultures
Have feasted and fled;
The wolves of the border
Have crept from the dead."

The monument is a plain marble shaft, which might be cast five or six hundred dollars, but which probably does not represent more than three hundred. The money for it was raised in and about Oswatimie. The citizens, to their credit be it said, would not accept outside aid, and have a monument to cost thousands of dollars and be out of place among homely surroundings, but contributed the small amount necessary from their own purses that it might be more of a local affair. It is of white marble, and is about a dozen feet high, with inscriptions on each side. On the north side the following lines tell their simple story orally well:

In Commemoration of the Heroism of
CAPT. JOHN BROWN,
Who Commanded at the
Battle of Oswatimie,
August 30, 1856,
Who Died and Conquered on the
Scaffold at
Charleston, Virginia,
December 2, 1859.

The following is on the south side:
DAVID GARRISON,
Born December 14, 1825,
GEORGE W. PARTRIDGE,
Born December 22, 1827.

The following appears on the east side:
THERON PARKER POWERS,
Born October 2, 1832,
CHARLEY KEISER.

On the west side of the slab are the following lines:
FREDERICK BROWN,
Son of
CAPT. JOHN BROWN
Born December 1, 1833,
In Commemoration of Those
Who, on the 30th of August, 1856,
Gave up Their Lives at the
Battle of Oswatimie,
In
Defense of Freedom.

As I stood in this April afternoon, looking up at this excessively plain and simple marble slab erected to the memory of the deeds rather than the personality of this plain and simple old man, I thought of that day in 1877, seventeen years ago, when the monument was dedicated. The changes denoted by the slab were not more remarkable, possibly, than those which have occurred in the Sunflower State since then, but late signs indicate that it will not be long before Kansas will throw aside her populist vagaries and stand again with the Republican phalanx, to save the country from the peril of free trade, as in other days it saved itself from the blighting influences of slavery.

The reader may be interested in learning that on the morning of the dedication, seventeen years ago, Hon. John James Ingalls, before he had been down temporarily at the onslaught of the host of Populist cranks, was the principal orator, and among his brilliant remarks were the following words:

"After a series of tests at our Elizabethport factory, extending over a period of several months, we have decided to use the
Willimantic Star Thread
believing it to be the best Spool Cotton now in the market; and strongly recommend it to all agents, purchasers, and users of the Singer Machines."
"THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY."

Send 24 cents and receive six spools of thread, any color or number, together with your tolling for your machine, ready wound, and an interesting book on thread and sewing. Be sure and mention the name and number of your machine.
WILLIMANTIC THREAD CO., Willimantic, Conn.

STRAW MATTINGS
\$4 per Roll of 40 Yards.
Matting Rugs, 3X6 50c.
Detached figure Linen Warp Mattings in various designs and colorings. Special styles for halls and stairs.
Japanese Rugs Large variety just received in ten sizes. Lowest prices.
LACES AND CURTAINS, DRAPERIES; call and examine. Prompt attention given mail orders.
STERLING & CO., 408 and 410 Summit St. TOLEDO, O.
F. Manager.

"Out of the portentous and menacing cloud of anti-slavery sentiment which long had brooded with sullen discontent, a baleful meteor above the North, John Brown sprang like a terrific thunderbolt whose lurid glare illuminated the conscience with its devastating flame, and whose reverberations among the splintered crags of Harper's Ferry were repeated on a thousand battlefields, from Gettysburg to the Gulf."

While this is somewhat eccentric in the way of metaphor, it has the trademark of Ingalls, and generally would pass for eloquence.

Another sentence from his address I recall:

"In any age or country, or under any system, where abuses existed which needed correction, he would have been a reformer in politics and a Puritan in religion. He would have gone with Huso to the stake or with Sidney to the scaffold."

I stood alone during this afternoon in early April looking at this monument to a great hero of a former generation. I was the only one of all our passengers who even inquired about Brown, not mentioning hunting up his monument. I fancy that the sentimental will make it a mecca in future years.

I remembered, while looking at the monument, a little incident which happened, as near as I can recollect, in the late summer of 1859. I think it was on Brown's last trip up from Oswatimie through northern Kansas, southern Nebraska and Iowa, thence to the East and down into Virginia, where, it will be remembered, he made his memorable stand in the December following. I was in a little town in Doniphan county, known as Palermo, where the Southern sentiment was pretty strong, and where a plan was laid to capture the old man, as a report had reached town that old John Brown and a couple of runaway niggers were stealing North a dozen or fifteen miles back of the river and the town. All was excitement in a few moments, and a plan was laid to capture the old abolitionist and string him up. A scout came in, riding recklessly, who reported the old man and his two "niggers" asleep in a school-house. The band tramped night and day so far, and were all exhausted.

At this time, it should be remembered, there was a large standing reward out for the capture of Brown. The governor of Missouri offered a reward of \$1,000 for his capture and delivery, dead or alive, anywhere in the state, and the United States government—James Buchanan being president at the time—offered \$250.

Away went half a dozen of the Southern bloods, while the town waited in suspense. I do not remember positively who were of the party, but think it comprised, among others, a young Richmond lawyer whose name was Wood, and who wore his chestnut hair hanging in a mass down his back, and who was referred to once by Sol Miller, the White Cloud chief, as "the man who flatters himself that he looks like the portraits of our Savior."

Well, as I said, away rode the half dozen Southern bloods, and the town waited in suspense. Morning showed up, but they did not. The forenoon began to wear away, and the patience of the people to wear out. Finally another party mounted and went in search of the previous party. They found them prisoners in the old school-house, into which they had been lured, bound, locked up and left by Brown and his two "niggers." The old man speeded on to the North, and the next that was heard of him was when the country woke up to hear the startling news of the attack on Harper's Ferry.

EARL MARBLE

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. SMON GOLDMAN, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by D. J. Humphrey, Napoleon, Ohio.

SPEND YOUR OUTING ON THE GREAT LAKES.

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